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POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE WAR OF INIS-THONA;

A POEM, FROM OSSIAN,

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

And now he courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

COLLINS.

Ut pictura, poesis erit quæ, si proprius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum: volet hæc sub luce videri.

HOR.

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PREFACE.

THE deſign of the following Poems, is to paint in their proper colours the different paſſions of the human mind. If, perhaps, Love may here be repreſented melancholy and ſimple, and therefore appear contemptible to the eye of modern Gallantry, the Author will yet affirm, (though he has not indeed actually felt himſelf what he has deſcribed) that it was his conſtant endeavour to copy faithfully from Nature.

The

The WAR OF INIS-THONA, verſified from the tranſlation of OSSIAN, is a poem in which that Bard celebrates the exploits of his Son OSCAR. If this attempt, and the meaſure employed, ſhould be endured, perhaps ſome perſon of taſte and abilities may be induced to give the whole of thoſe works in a proper metre; and ſurely Verſe can expreſs, with greater beauty than Proſe, all ideas, majeſtic, ſimple, or ſublime.

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

Vox, & præterea nihil——

OFT have I ſeen the Fellow of a College,
Mouldy, and vain of uſeleſs knowledge,
Unform'd, unfaſhion'd, and uncurl'd,
Lead a young Bear,
With clumſy care,
To ſee, be ſeen, and know the World.
For this they go from town to town,
O'er *France* and *Italy*—up hill and down;

Climb every ſteeple,
To view the people,
And act in every ſtation
With a religious gravity and meditation.

This is a curious way to faſhion
A Young Man's mind, or try his heart.—
Awaken firſt each generous paſſion:
Unleſs he feels, how can he act his part?
And, ſhould he plunge into exceſs and folly,
Yet, Madam, if you find
An open hand, a liberal mind;
See, 'midſt the gloom, ſome ſparks of good glow pure,
A ſympathetic melancholy
For what th' unfortunate endure;
Forgive his weakneſs, and his errors too:
'Tis all that Heaven requires of him—or you.

Then, my good Lady, let him go
Without a ſycophantic Tutor;
He'll judge of happineſs and woe,
And from the paſt the future.

At

At firſt he'll be ſurpris'd to find
Religions changing like the wind:
One while a Deiſt baſe ſhall charm him
With Fitneſs, Nature, Senſe, and Reaſon;
And then a Fry'r with Penitence alarm him,
Proving all comfort worſe than treaſon.

Perhaps you've heard of MARTIN LUTHER;
He was the firſt who dar'd, and undertook,
Againſt his Holineſs to write a book—
For, when the road to Heaven appear'd too rough,
To make it ſmoother,
The Pope would grant Indulgences enough
To thoſe who choſe to pay:
And at that day
A ſimple Murther
Coſt about Two Pound Ten:
For ſomething more you might go * further,
Might kill your Wife, and wed again.

Although

* *Metrick*, for *farther*.

Although this MARTIN was a Monk,
He yet conceiv'd it to be very odd,
That taking money from a trunk,
Could make a Friend of God.
He was determin'd never to believe,
That, for the black and deadly ſin of Fornication,
Heaven would accept a Crown as compenſation.
It us'd to make him frantic, us'd to grieve
His pious ſoul, to ſee
A young man buy a freſh Adultery;
For, as the Monk was married,
He did not know how far this might be carried.

Wherefore he preach'd, and pray'd,
And many clever things he ſaid;
By which means numbers were no ſwallowers
Of the Pope's doctrine, but his followers;
'Till, by religious people hated,
He became excommunicated;
And then, by a ſucceſsful operation,
He gain'd a party—wrought a Reformation.

About

About this time the Eighth King HARRY,
Wanting the Pope's aſſent to marry,
Oppos'd poor LUTHER, tooth and nail;
Wrote a defence, which did not much avail;
For, by and by,
Himſelf ſhook off the yoke of Popery.

Theſe ſtrange manœuvres leſſen one's reliance
On thoſe, Religion who adore,
Or thoſe who ſet her at defiance:
And ſure our duty's little more,
Than to perform what Virtue bids us feel;
Our weakneſs, for example's ſake, conceal;
With humble gratitude revere
The Pow'r benevolent who plac'd us here.

I know your Ladyſhip is now contriving
To find the thing at which I'm driving;
But, as I hate digreſſing,
I never will return the way I came,
Which is confeſſing,
That I have loſt all ſenſe of ſhame,

To run from one thing to another,
Like fooliſh Fox-hunters, who gallop
Quite mad, from *Cheſhire* into *Salop*.
Well, Madam, if you will attend,
I ſwear I'll love you like a Brother—
And treat you worſe than any Friend.

Now to be ſerious is a pity;
'Tis worſe than whining, or complaining:
Oh! were I but like JEKYL witty,
Like * JEKYL ever entertaining,
I then could make your Worſhips, and your Graces,
Curl up the muſcles of your funny faces.
But I've obſerv'd, the *Engliſh* folk
Will ſeldom take a joke,
Unleſs the Joker's rich and great;
And then they laugh,
Like any calf,
Shaking their ſides at a vaſt rate.

That

* A reigning Wit towards the latter end of the Eighteenth Century.

That this aſſertion is no fable,
Abroad I've often ſeen at table,
At our Ambaſſador's, a Man,
As wiſe as * WILKES perhaps, or better;
Yet, being there without a Letter,
Has not the right, or the ability,
To claim his *excellent* civility;
But, leſt too great the favour of a dinner,
'Tis plainly ſhown he's thought a Sinner.
'Twere vain for him to ſpeak,
To pleaſe the Train Diplomatique:
Or, if the Gentleman ſhould pun,
Or tell a ſtory, or bon-mot,
They hear it with a face of woe;
But roar with all the lungs they can,
Before his Excellency's daily joke is done;
Who, ſhould he pleaſe,
With a becoming dignity and eaſe,

To

* A Gentleman full as remarkable for his Wiſdom, as either his Beauty, or Piety.

To let a F—t, and ſcent the room,
Would find each perſon there
Ready to ſwear,
That it was oratory, and perfume.

The *French* are dirty dogs:
I hate them as a Nation,
Becauſe they eat the tails of frogs,
And are too gay for ſpeculation;
Yet they will conſtantly endeavour,
Both to amuſe, and think you clever:
But all the while *Monſieur*'s refining,
JOHN BULL's repining,
And like a maſtiff growling,
Sits ſcowling.

We, who have Beef, are fatter;
With us 'tis quite a different matter:
Perſons of real, or fancied faſhion,
Appear diveſted of all paſſion;

Drawl

Drawl on from week to week,
Too fine, too cold to ſpeak;
Moſt conſequentially they drink, and eat,
And keep their ſeat,
And fix their languid eyes.
This is the way of Folly;
She thinks ſhe never looks ſo wiſe,
As when ſhe's melancholy.

But, what's the oddeſt,
Although each Lady looks ſo modeſt,
If, Sir, you're in a proper ſituation,
And bleſs'd with any penetration,
Juſt tell her what you mean;
Chuſe out the fineſt, with moſt airs;
The leſs ſhe cares,
The more unclean:
And really they are charming creatures,
Have charming ſkins, and charming features;
So beg their pardon,
And act like ADAM in the garden.

Talking of ADAM, makes me wonder,
And 'tis a doubt I can't keep under,
Whether or no
Our firſt Great-grandmother below
Was Miſs, or Madam;
Or whether our Progenitor thought right,
Having obſerv'd her with delight,
To ſay *Miſs* EVE, or *Mrs.* ADAM:
If Miſs, I bluſh to ſay,
She was a naughty piece of clay;
For, after ſhe was in the garden,
Unleſs ſome beaſt
Acted as Prieſt,
There was no marriage worth a farthing.
I mention this for Women's fame,
For they've a right to act the ſame;
But, Ladies, if you doubt it,
Aſk any Parſon,
And he, to help the farce on,
Will tell you all about it.

S O N G.*

To ——————

IN vain, to melt that heap of ſnow,
Which keeps your virgin heart ſo cold,
Soft Pity caus'd the tear to flow,
As my ſad hopeleſs tale I told.

Then ceaſe to pity; for your eye,
Your radiant eye, and breaſt, appear
More lovely heaving with a ſigh,
And brighter gliſtening through a tear.

S O N G.

To ———

NEEDLESS counſel didſt thou give—
To be faithful as I ought:
I ſhould love as long as live—
Life, alas! is much too ſhort.

Time my Love can ne'er controul;
Death in vain his pow'r ſhall try;
For 'tis rooted in my ſoul,
And my ſoul can never die.

SONG.

OH! fatal was the morning,
When LUCY firſt I met;
When firſt I felt the dawning
Of what I ſuffer yet:
For her boſom's downy bliſſes
Cold Death deſir'd to ſhare;
And he taſted LUCY's kiſſes,
—Left me to taſte Deſpair.

The waves, tumultuous rolling,
Are faithful to the moon;
And Love, my heart controuling,
Shall find it falſe as ſoon:
But her boſom's downy bliſſes
Cold Death deſir'd to ſhare;
And he taſted LUCY's kiſſes,
—Left me to taſte Deſpair.

SONG.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ;
—Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem. HOR.

OFT have I prais'd the face and air
Of many a *jolie fille* and *femme*;
But all I've ſeen cannot compare
With one dear Maid of *Rotterdam*.

JOVE, conquer'd by EUROPA's eyes,
An amorous Bull o'er ocean ſwam;
Yet bore not half ſo rich a prize
As this dear Maid of *Rotterdam*.

Her form, O Grace! is all thy own;
Mild lambent flames her eye diſcloſes;
Her boſom is Love's downy throne,
In ambuſh ſweet he there repoſes.

Have you beheld a Summer's ſky,
When modeſt CYNTHIA firſt appears,
The fleecy clouds tranſparent fly,
And penſive Evening melts in tears?

Juſt ſo ſerene my charming Maid,
So mild, ſo ſweet, ſo chaſte, to view;
Envy before her droops the head,
And ſilent Malice ſickens too.

Let other Lovers, ever feigning,
Talk of the Lily, and the Roſe;
Be now adoring, now complaining,
With raptures rais'd, or ſunk in woes.

No idle hope ſhall e'er beguile,
No idle fear ſhall caſt me down;
But, if I muſt not ſhare her ſmile,
O grant me, Heaven! to ſee her frown.

From her my heart ſhall ne'er remove,
But faithful ſtill, where'er I am,
E'en in the pang of death ſhall love
This charming Maid of *Rotterdam*.

SONG.

To Miſs ———.

GENTLE Maiden! wouldſt thou hear
How to know when Love's ſincere;
I your artleſs heart will tell,
For, alas! I know too well.

Ne'er

Ne'er believe the riſing ſigh,
Ne'er believe the moiſten'd eye;
For the Youth who loves ſincere,
Checks the ſigh, and ſtops the tear.

He alone will quick obey
The very thing you meant to ſay;
Every thought he'll ſeem to hear—
Doubt not him—he is ſincere.

And ſhould he daily waſte away,
Nor yet regard his own decay;
Oh! then, his Love, his Truth, revere;
Nor let him die—who is ſincere.

SONG.

OH! Sorrow! hear thy ſuppliant's pray'r;
Oh, liſten to thy vot'ry's vow:
Thy ſaddeſt ſmile ſtill let me ſhare,
Still grant the grief I ſuffer now.

And when beneath the penſive grove,
And when reclin'd the ſtream beſide,
I pour a tear for hopeleſs Love,
I give a ſigh for Woman's Pride;

Yet hopeleſs Love can then beſtow,
Yet Woman's Pride, that rends my heart,
A dearer pang, a ſweeter woe,
Than mirth, or pleaſure, e'er impart.

SONG.

WRITTEN ON A MOUNTAIN IN SWITZERLAND.

THOUGH far from ſcenes of bliſs remov'd,
From all I hop'd, from all I lov'd;
Yet here, amidſt eternal ſnow,
Shall Reaſon ſpeak, and Fancy glow.

Not all the joys that cities give,
Can bid the faithleſs rapture live;
Nor, 'midſt the roſe of pleaſure, hide
The thorn that cancels all its pride.

But on this mountain's rocky height,
Virtue and ſimple Truth unite;
Here native Love ſhall ſigh ſincere,
And lateſt Friendſhip linger here.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH on MRS. *WR-N.*

ALL cold, beneath this narrow heap,
WR-N's angel charms in ſilence ſleep;
And here the ties of Virtue end,
The tender Mother, Wife, and Friend.

For her each gentle boſom grieves;
'Tis not the turf alone that heaves:
Pity and Love her loſs deplore;
Their fav'rite child can feel no more.

And ſee, the woodbine loves to ſtray
Around the ſod that claſps her clay;
The primroſe with the vi'let vies,
To deck the grave where Beauty lies.

Here Melancholy, lonely maid,
Shall oft the live-long night be laid;
And when the morning beam appears,
Revive the verdure—with her tears.

SONNET.

———*ah miſer,*
Quanta laboras in Charybdi! Hor.

YE happy Youths! with rapture glowing,
As humour mantles o'er the bowl,
While Wit and Wine, together flowing,
Exalt to joy the generous ſoul;
One moment yet your mirth forbear,
For him who ſinks beneath Deſpair.

Ye happier Youths! with joys diviner,
Whom roſy Love has deign'd to bleſs;
Whoſe boſoms feel a tranſport finer,
Loſt in the fond return'd careſs;
One moment yet your bliſs reſtrain,
For him who ſinks beneath Diſdain.

Alas! the Bowl's enliv'ning pleaſure,
And Beauty's glance, alike are vain;
For this ſad heart has loſt its treaſure,
And what can ſoothe a Lover's pain?
One moment then let Pity move,
For him who ſuffers hopeleſs Love.

THE ANSWER.

BY A LADY.

O YOUTH unknown! thy hopeleſs Love
Does my poor heart with ſorrow move,
Revive the pangs I'd fain conceal,
And all my former woes reveal.
One moment then thy ſighs forbear,
And liſten to my ſad Deſpair.

In happier days—but they are fled—
I through the Dance was often led,

Or

Or elſe, within the ſhady grove,
Heard the ſoft tales of ſoothing Love.
One moment then ceaſe to complain,
For I was left—with cold Diſdain.

Alas! the dance no more I trace,
No more receive the ſoft embrace;
For I have loſt the comelieſt Swain
That ever grac'd the rural plain;
And I, like you, am left to prove
The waſting cares of hopeleſs Love.

Then let us now our ſorrows join;
Your griefs, your woes, ſhall all be mine;
And while you tenderly complain,
My ſighs ſhall echo back each ſtrain:
Each happy Youth, and Virgin too,
Shall wonder whence ſuch Friendſhip grew.

When cold Diſdain, and ſad Deſpair,
Our kindred hearts from each ſhall tear;

When your fair Maid, and my lov'd Swain,
Shall view us breathleſs on the plain;
Then let them own, they never knew
A pair in Love—were half ſo true.

And when the Village Maids and Swains,
In tears conduct our poor remains,
And in one tomb our aſhes reſt,
The light turf mould'ring on our breaſt,
This verſe to all the world ſhall tell
Our Friendſhip did all Love excell.

SAPHO.

THE REPLY.

——————*ibimus, ibimus,*
——————*ſupremum*
Carpere iter comites parati. HOR.

DEAR Maid! if hopeleſs Love could borrow
From ſympathy one cheering ray,
Thy tender ſigh of artleſs ſorrow
Had ſooth'd my ſaddeſt woes away;
But, oh! this breaſt, that throbs ſincere,
Feels a new pang for SAPHO's tear.

Yet

Yet muſt thy pity claim for ever
All of my Friendſhip Love has left;
Nor ſhall the treach'rous world diſſever
Two kindred hearts of hope bereft:
So ſhall our ſouls united ſhare
The laſt ſad refuge of Deſpair.

And when at eve, together ſtraying,
Thou mourn'ſt thy pure, yet hopeleſs flame,
My ſighs, thy ſaddeſt ſighs repaying,
Shall prove our ſuff'rings are the ſame:
So ſhall we weep, with mutual pain,
The bitter pangs of cold Diſdain.

And when pale Death, that calm reliever,
Our wounds ſhall heal, our griefs diſpel;
When thou forget'ſt the dear Deceiver,
And I the Maid I love ſo well;
One moment then ſhall Pity move
The Village Train to weep our Love.

O D E.

Toute la Nature eſt morte à mes yeux, comme l'eſpérance au fond de mon cœur. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

CURS'D be thy arts of ſoft deceiving!
Curs'd be thy pow'r, thou tyrant, Love!
How bleeds this heart, beyond relieving!
How bleeds for her it cannot move!
Then triumph o'er thy tortur'd Slave;
I ſoon ſhall triumph—in the grave.

I ſcorn to fold my arms in ſorrow,
Or wander o'er the penſive plain,
A tender joy from grief to borrow,
A plaintive pleaſure e'en from pain:
Madneſs and rage my boſom ſhare;
Death all my hope—my pride Deſpair.

For

For I have ſeen her head reclining
Upon another's beating breaſt;
And I have ſeen her arms entwining,
To make my Rival more than bleſt:
Then never can my torments end;
The Grave ſhall be my boſom-friend.

Her lovely form, all forms excelling,
In ev'ry geſture breathes a grace:
Oh! in that boſom, fondly ſwelling,
Might Pity once obtain a place,
No ills on earth could make me know,
If ſhe were kind, a moment's woe.

With what a wild, extatic pleaſure,
The madd'ning tranſports would I prove!
Hold to my heart the glowing treaſure,
Pant with exceſs of raging Love!
Riot o'er all the vary'd bliſs,
And die amid the frantic kiſs!

O ſpare my reaſon, fond illuſion!
Nor thus with fancied raptures move:
My ſorrows all are near concluſion;
O ſpare my reaſon, tyrant Love!
Then triumph o'er thy tortur'd Slave;
I ſoon ſhall triumph—in the grave.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE,

FROM —— TO ——.

TO You, my Friend, whoſe ſympathetic heart
Feels what I feel of tranſport, or of ſmart;
Who, ſedulous to comfort, ever came
In ſorrow's diſmal hour, and ſtill the ſame;
To You I write, for you, with gentleſt care,
Can chaſe all ſadneſs—but my ſad Deſpair:
Forgive each pang I cauſe, while thus I claim
Thy pitying tear, to quench my burning flame.

Well I remember, when of late we ſtood
Where the white rocks hung trembling o'er the flood,
With patient tenderneſs you ſeem'd to hear
The ſilent language of a Lover's tear:

Or when, each charm repeated o'er and o'er,
I prais'd again what I had prais'd before;
On ev'ry grace enraptur'd ſtill I hung,
The melting muſic of my ANNA's tongue,
Her boſom's paradiſe, her laviſh hair,
Her vernal ſmiles, her fond majeſtic air;
All this you heard, nor yet the tale ſuppreſt;
Each hope of mine was tranſport to your breaſt.
Thrice happy days! when each reviving hour
Cheriſh'd the lily Hope, enchanting flow'r!
Dear modeſt flow'r, ſo fragrant, and ſo fair,
How art thou wither'd by the blaſt Deſpair!

Thrice happy days! When oft the youthful Band,
To merry muſic, dancing hand in hand,
Delighted, ſaw my lovely Maid advance,
How glow'd my heart amid the mazy dance!
And as in jocund ſort ſhe tripp'd along,
Her footſteps mark'd the meaſure of the ſong.
Once, when the graceful exerciſe was o'er,
And laſſitude forbid what charm'd before,

To catch the coolneſs of the evening breeze,
With me ſhe ſought the bow'r I form'd to pleaſe:
Then, then, with ſighs I trembling told my Love;
Nor did ſhe frown, nor did ſhe diſapprove.

But that lov'd form, thoſe more than mortal charms,
Have bleſs'd with perfect joy another's arms!
A Youth there came, with many a pleaſing art;
He bore away this treaſure of my heart:
For him ſhe roſe upon the bridal day,
Sweet as the Zephyr wakes the morn of May;
Her poliſh'd limbs a robe of ſnow conceal'd,
Her ripen'd boſom was but half reveal'd;
And on that breaſt a full-blown roſe was borne,
For him the fragrance, but for me the thorn:
Yes; ſhe did wed him—oh! in pity ſave!
Ye Pow'rs benign! have mercy when I rave!
O'er the bleak heath, in wand'ring wild deſpair,
I wet my boſom with the midnight air;
Or quite abſorb'd, with ideot ſtare profound,
Gaze at the glow-worm glitt'ring on the ground;

Then

Then, as Reflection's cruel ſtings prevail,
Glide like a vapour through the ſwampy dale:
For oft my troubled Fancy ſudden ſhows
The fatal ſource of all my fruitleſs woes;
E'en then I ſee her folded in his arms,
Fire with her lips, and yield her heav'n of charms;
Or while his cheek warm on her boſom glows,
Her fond heart, beating, rocks him to repoſe.

Friend of my ſoul, and can I bear it, ſay,
To feel a ling'ring pang from day to day,
Suſtain the burthen of ſucceeding years,
'Midſt the keen anguiſh of unnotic'd tears?
Ah, no! kind Death has yet relief in ſtore;
Preſs'd in his clay-cold arms, I'll weep no more;
Forget the ebbing tides of Hope and Fear;
When you alone will think of him—who lov'd ſincere.

ODE.

O D E.*

Me miſerum! quanti montes volvuntur aquarum!

OVID.

HEARD you the groans of ſad Deſpair—
Heard you the ſhrieks of Fear forlorn,
Pierce the loud tumult of the troubled air,
And uſher in the Morn?
Stern Deſolation marks the hour,
And Darkneſs aids the tempeſt's pow'r;
While giant Horror's monſter form
Stalks through the dreary ſcene, and animates the ſtorm.

* Written abroad near the ſea, during a ſtorm.

Unwelcome Day! thy fatal dawn
Forebodes a melancholy doom.
See how the op'ning billows yawn,
And blaze throughout the gloom!
With arms ſtretch'd forth, in vain, to ſave
Thouſands from their watery grave,
O ſee, on yonder rocky height, diſtreſt,
Imploring Pity mourns!—O mark her bleeding breaſt!

Yet, yet, O Storm! more ruthleſs rage,
More whirlwind paſſions tear,
When daring Man with Man engage,
'Mid warfare and deſpair:
And muſt the crimſon tide of woe
Never, oh! never, ceaſe to flow?
And muſt Humanity, with bluſh ſincere,
Still hide her burning cheek—ſtill drop the ſecret tear?

E'en

E'en now, upon the foaming Main,
Hurtles * the din of ſavage War!
Is it that yonder † Tyrant vain
May ſhine a tranſient Star?
Think'ſt thou the diadem, and robe,
Give right to deſolate the globe?
O you, who hymn the triumph, yet rehearſe
The helpleſs Orphan's cry—the weeping Widow's curſe.

But, lo! the low'ring clouds retire;
Soft ſighing ſinks the ſtormy wind;
O check the tide of mortal ire,
Juſt Heav'n! O ſpare Mankind!
Let many a roſe and pink combining,
With the lovely lily twining,
Join to ſcent the morning-dew;
Bring the peaceful olive too:
For yonder howling tempeſt's paſt—
Oh! may the fatal Night of Sorrow flee as faſt!

* Iron ſleet of arrowy ſhower
Hurtles in the darken'd air. GRAY.

† LOUIS.

ODE TO DISTRESS.*

Te Dacus aſper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni;
Injurioſo ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam!—— HOR.

I.

† INEXORABLE Pow'r, of Anguiſh born,
Twin Siſter to Affliction, ſay,
Where are the purple hours of May,
That hail'd my riſing morn?
Ah! whither, whither, now is flown
The cherub Mirth, and beck'ning Pleaſure,
Jocund Sport, and Friendſhip's treaſure?
Like the ſoft breeze that curls the ſummer's ſea,
They fled in fatal hour from me;
When thou, O pale Diſtreſs! firſt claim'dſt me for thine own.

And

* This Ode was written at the departure of a worthy Young Man, who, having ſuffered the greateſt, though unmerited diſtreſs in *England*, went a Volunteer to *America*, where he fell in the firſt engagement.

† *Juvenis loquitur.*

II.

And muſt I then unnotic'd dwell,
'Midſt chilling woes, within thy dreary cell,
Far from the ſoul-reviving ſight,
Or gen'rous warmth of keen Delight;
Who, ſtarting at the chearful ſound
Of clarion ſhrill, and echoing hound,
Meets Health upon the mountain's ſide,
With hair unbound, in golden pride?
Light-hearted Exerciſe is near,
And Strength bounds nimbly by, and ſhakes the pond'rous ſpear.

III.

Bright is the hour; and fair to view,
The varied ſcene of mountain, grove, and plain;
The waters ſweetly murmur too;
Nor ſhall the Nightingale refrain
Her penſive ſong, to ſooth the while,
When Fortune deigns the flatt'ring ſmile:

But, at her ſcaring frown, appears—
Creation's pride—a Vale of Tears;
Then, more congenial to the ſoul,
Amidſt the angry whirlwind's roar,
Old Ocean's ruffled ſurges roll,
Mingled with ſhrieks of Death, that howl from ſhore to ſhore.

IV.

For ever doſt thou joy to brood,
With ſavage ſmiles, on human woe:
Pale Peſtilence, with deadly bow,
And eager War, that thirſts for blood,
Are only tyrants of an hour;
Soon is their fleeting vengeance ſped;
For friendly Death, with numbing pow'r,
The Soldier's doom confirms, and frees the groaning bed.

V.

Blaſted by thee, the Wretch ſhall know
A daily pang, increaſing grief,
Comfortleſs care, and ſearching woe;
From Charity's cold hand find no relief;

And

And while thy ſcorpion wounds his b eaſt,
No opiate-touch the pang beguile:
But, oh! ſevere above the reſt,
Ungrateful fading Friendſhip's vacant, alter'd—ſmile!

VI.

'Midſt roſy Wine, and roaring Folly,
I took thee but for Melancholy,
Who oft had pleas'd me with her ſong,
When Hope was vain, and Thought was young:
By fell experience now I find
Thou'rt ſharper than the frozen wind.
Regardleſs then I ſaw thee laid,
Thy ſtedfaſt eye, and faded form,
Beneath the dark unwelcome ſhade,
Like ſummer's ſultry eve, when liſt'ning for the ſtorm.

VII.

I ſaw not then, amid thy train,
Meanneſs, with her proffer'd gold,
Tempting oft; and Mental Pain:
Alas! I did not then behold

Thy

Thy frantic, darling child,
Grim Suicide, with aſpect wild;
Who, to relieve th' enanguiſh'd ſoul,
Offers the reeking ſword, and fills th' oblivious bowl.

VIII.

O gentle Love! ſo lately wont to chear
My ſorrowing heart with Pity's ray;
Who now ſhall mark my ſigh, or trickling tear,
When to the midnight gale,
All woe-begone, the bleeding tale
Of many a black diſtreſsful day
My tongue declares?—Ah, me! the op'ning Roſe
No more the dimpled cheeks diſcloſe;
The modeſt Lily now ſhall ſhed
Her downy ſnow on Beauty's breaſt,
No more, to make me bleſt:
I feel thee, Tyrant, here;—and Love, and Hope, is dead.

Ceaſe!

IX.

Ceaſe! ceaſe! thou ſick'ning Languor, thus to rend
My tortur'd breaſt with venom'd arrow keen;
I never coldly on a fallen Friend
Gaz'd with ſtrange ſtare—but ever wiſh'd to know,
To ſhare, and aid the cruel woe,
That darkens ev'ry ſcene
Which flatt'ring Youth had pictur'd in the mind,
Of many a laughing Year, with Wealth and Pleaſure join'd.

X.

Ye fairy Viſions! offspring of Deceit!
In vain your wonted pow'r ye try;
In vain, with promis'd joys to cheat—
Fancy on Sorrow's breaſt muſt die.
But, 'mid the crimſon ranks of Death,
I'll woo BELLONA to my arms;
Th' endearing ſigh, my lateſt breath;
A mangled corſe, the Lover's charms:
So—from thy torturing ſcourge, and leaden ſway,
Eſcap'd—my blood ſhall waſh Ingratitude away.

ODE to the LAUREL.

STROPHE.

O LAUREL bright! thy pleaſing green,
Freſh in eternal pride,
When frowning Winter chills the ſcene,
Still loves to decorate the mountain's ſide;
Then, 'midſt thy leaves luxurious, ſtraying,
The feather'd race conſpire to ſing;
Warm in the tranſient ſun-beam playing,
Find a ſhort, a fancied ſpring.
I too, from unavailing care,
From faded Hope, and wan Deſpair,
To taſte thy proffer'd joys, retire;
My boſom feels thy magic fire:
When War's ſtern Tyrant ſhouts from far,
And fiercer drives his furious car,
Thou doſt his burning thoughts engage—
E'en Vict'ry points to thee, amidſt the Battle's rage.

Gallia's

ANTISTROPHE.

Gallia's First FRANCIS dar'd the field
What time bold CHARLES advanc'd;
Many a ſhield oppos'd to ſhield,
And foaming ſquadron againſt ſquadron pranc'd:
How ſhrill the trumpet's piercing clangor
Aſſails the diſtant Peaſant's ear,
Who, muſing much on Monarchs' anger,
Thinks of Glory with a tear!
Then, then, the Hero, through the gloom,
Ruſh'd on the Champion of the Tomb,
While blaz'd around his fatal ſword;
E'en Virtue—though ſhe wept—ador'd.
Lo! Fortune low'rs! his hopes are gone;
She tears the trophies Valour won!
But not in vain he fought, or bled;
Charm'd was each bitter pang, for thou adorn'dſt his head.

EPODE.

EPODE.

Still thy foliage, never fading,
Forms a wreath to crown the Brave;
Glory, deep in carnage wading,
Thinks of thee, and ſcorns the grave.
Who derides thy matchleſs pow'r,
Like the morning's miſty gleam,
Flees, the vapour of an hour;
All his life—a Shepherd's dream:
With thee the ties of Virtue are combin'd;
Thy influence curbs the Proud—has humaniz'd Mankind.

THE

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

CAPTAIN FARMER.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori. HOR.

WHAT diſtant ſorrows o'er the ſtormy beach
Sound in the hollow gales, ye Sea-Nymphs, ſay?
FARMER's ſad fate, perchance, your dirges teach.
I hear the mournful numbers fade away.

E'en while you chant the Hero's well-earn'd praiſe,
The ſoothing *requiem* of his pearly grave,
Shall liſt'ning Sympathy admire the lays,
Then tell the fatal ſtory to the Brave,

How, dauntleſs long amidſt the ocean's rage,
The burning brand, the cannon's mortal yell,
Scorning ſuperior force, he dar'd to wage
Unequal war—and yet unconquer'd fell.

Aghaſt! *Britannia*, weeping, from the land
Saw her lov'd Sailor fold his arms, reſign'd—
Saw, cold upon the deck, his faithful Band,
And tore her treſſes floating in the wind.

What though her pray'r ſtern Victory deny'd,
And Fate relentleſs ſtill refus'd to ſave,
She felt no bluſh, but view'd, with grateful pride,
Her banner flying ſink beneath the wave.

Oh! who unmov'd attends the ſolemn tale?
The deeds of Valour who unwarm'd can hear,
Nor ſwell with many a ſigh the breezy gale,
The paſſing ſtream with many a tender tear?

Ye vaunting Sons of painted Faſhion's train,
Or ſunk in luxury, or ſwell'd with pride,
Who for your own ſmall griefs can loud complain,
Yet ſteel the breaſt to ev'ry woe beſide;

Know that in Fortune's ſmile, and Pow'r's applauſe,
Nor bliſs ſo keen, nor tranſport e'er was found,
As, greatly bleeding in his Country's cauſe,
Intrepid FARMER felt in ev'ry wound.

Though on his breaſt no monumental pile
Can ſhow where all the nobler Virtues ſleep,
While boaſtful Learning tries with labour'd ſtyle,
In vain, to teach th' unfeeling how to weep;

Yet oft for him, beneath the gliding ſail,
O'er the dread ſpot where 'chance his bones may lie,
Shall the brave Mariner's honeſt cheek be pale,
The ſilent ſorrow trickle from his eye.

THE

THE WAR OF INIS-THONA; A POEM.

Age dic—vetuſtum,
Barbite carmen. HOR.

ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS of OSSIAN on his youth. An Apoſtrophe to *Selma*. OSCAR his Son obtains leave to go to *Inis-thona*, an iſland of *Scandinavia*. The mournful ſtory of ARGON and RURO, the two Sons of the King of *Inis-thona*. OSCAR revenges their death, and returns in triumph to *Selma*. A Soliloquy by the Poet.

THE WAR OF INIS-THONA.*

I.

SWEET is the Hunter's morning dream,
As on the mountain's heath he lies;
He ſleeps beneath the Sun's ſoft beam,
But wakes in ſad ſurpriſe:
For, lo! the wild Storm roars around;
The Foreſt trembles at the ſound!
Yet Recollection warms his beating breaſt,
Recalls the joyful hour—the rapture of his reſt.

Such

* Vide OSSIAN.

II.

Such is our ſtate of Youth;—but when
Shall faded OSSIAN's Youth return,
Hear the lov'd clang of arms again,
Again in battle burn?
Oh! when ſhall I my falchion raiſe,
Like OSCAR trav'ling in the blaze!
Old times of Glory bear my ſoul along;
Mountains of *Cona*, come! and liſten to my ſong.

III.

Selma! my ancient tow'rs I ſee;
Soft in my ear thy waters ſound;
I view thy ſhade of many a tree,
Thy Heroes gather round:
High in the midſt FINGAL is plac'd,
By him the ſhield of TRENMOR grac'd;
Yonder ſtands his far-fam'd ſpear;
He leans, his glowing Bards to hear:
They ſing his deeds in youthful vigour warm,
The fury of his ſword—the harveſt of his arm.

OSCAR

IV.

OSCAR, returning from the field,
The regal triumph hears;
He ſeiz'd old * BRANNO's war-worn ſhield;
His eyes were full of tears:
His cheek confeſs'd the crimſon glow;
Faint was his trembling voice, and low;
When thus the Youth to *Morven*'s Hero ſpoke,
While bickering in his hand the ſpear of OSSIAN ſhook.

V.

'FINGAL! known and fam'd afar;
'OSSIAN! next to him in war;
'Of many a Chief, and many a King,
'Slain by you, the Bards ſhall ſing.
'I, like *Cona*'s morning-dew,
'Seen, ſhall vaniſh from the view;
'No Hunter ſearch, my tomb to find;
'My name be ſcatter'd in the wind—

* This is BRANNO, the Father of EVERALLIN, and Grandfather to OSCAR. He was of *Iriſh* extraction, and Lord of the country round the Lake of *Lego*. His great actions are handed down by tradition; and his hoſpitality has paſſed into a proverb.

'Hark! *Inis-thona* ſounds to arms,
'And OSCAR pants for Glory's charms;
'For there ſome future Bard may tell,
'How OSCAR fought, how OSCAR fell:
'The ſtranger Maid may chance to hear,
'And ſearch my ſecret tomb, and drop the ſilent tear."

VI.

'Yes, thou ſhalt go, the joyful King reply'd;
'Gladly to Fame, and Vict'ry, ſhalt thou go:
'Son of my Son! my Age's pride!
'Illuſtrious OSCAR! know,
'Thine is a noble race renown'd:
'Let not thy arm be feeble found;
'Be like a roaring ſtorm in fight—
'In peace, the Ev'ning's mildeſt light:
'Tell *Inis-thona*'s King, O OSCAR! tell,
'FINGAL his youthful days remembers well,
'Together in the combat when we ſtrove,
'In AGENDECCA's time, dear Miſtreſs of my Love!

'Then

VII.

'Then haſte, the bounding ſhip prepare;
'My Son to *Inis-thona* bear:
'The glowing Hero pants to gain
'Honour on the crimſon plain.'
Quick they ſpread the bulging ſail;
See the buoyant veſſel ride!
See, ſhe flies before the gale,
Ruſhing through the foamy tide!
Inſtant in *Runa*'s bay my Son appears,
And ſends his gleaming ſword to ANNIR, King of Spears.

VIII.

Up the grey-hair'd Hero roſe;
Well FINGAL's famed ſword he knows:
The friendly tear bedew'd his eye,
His boſom felt the faithful ſigh:
Back to his bleeding mem'ry came
Their youthful hours, their former fame,
When twice the ſpear, in AGBNDECCA's fight,
They ſhook, while Heroes diſtant view'd the daring fight.

With'ring

IX.

With'ring Age's hand I feel;
Yonder lies my uſeleſs ſteel:
Thou, from *Morven*'s Heroes ſprung,
ANNIR, ſaw the ſtrife when young.
Pale, alas! and drooping, now,
Like old *Lano*'s oak, I bow:
ARGON my Son, and RURO, reſt;
The narrow turf is on their breaſt:
They cannot meet thee with a Friend's embrace,
Nor ſhow their Father's halls, the glories of their race.

X.

My blooming Daughter's ripen'd charms
Bleſs a faithleſs Stranger's arms;
My alienated Child would hear
Of ANNIR's death, without a tear:

Her

'Her ruthleſs Huſband * comes in rage;
'Ten thouſand Spearmen round him wait,
'Gainſt me th' oppreſſive war to wage,
'The object of his conſtant hate:
'Come, then, thou Youth of *Morven*'s line conſeſt,
'Here paſs the ſocial hour, and ſhare of ANNIR's feaſt.'

XI.

Three days they feaſt—another came,
And ANNIR heard of OSCAR's name:
They drain'd the ſhell, then chas'd the boar
On woody *Runa*'s echoing ſhore.
Near the fount of moſſy ſtones,
Lo! the weary Heroes lie!
ANNIR's ſoul in ſecret groans;
Thus he broke the riſing ſigh—
'Here my youthful Children ſleep;
'This is ARGON's ſilent grave;
'Yonder heaves my RURO's heap:
'Do you hear your Father rave,
'As in your narrow houſe you lie confin'd?
'Or do your voices ſound amid the deſert wind?

* CORMALO had reſolved on a war againſt his Father-in-law ANNIR, King of *Inis-thona*, in order to deprive him of his kingdom: OSCAR goes to the aſſiſtance of ANNIR. Both armies came ſoon to a battle, in which the conduct and valour of OSCAR obtained a complete victory.

XII.

'How thy valiant Children fell,
'Said OSCAR, noble ANNIR, tell.
'Untouch'd the wild boar paſſes by
'The tombs that mark your progeny:
'They purſue the cloud-form'd deer, *
'Shake the viſionary ſpear;
'Their youthful ſports their ſpirits ſtill employ;
'They mount the flying gale, and ride with rapt'rous joy."

XIII.

'Ten thouſand ſpears, the King reply'd,
'Support CORMALO's tyrant pride;
'On † *Lano*'s ſick'ning lake they dwell,
'Where peſtilential vapours ſwell.
'In *Runa*'s halls I ſaw the Youth appear;
'He ſought the honour of the ſpear: ‡

'Lovely

* The notion of OSSIAN concerning the ſtate of the Deceaſed, was the ſame with that of the antient Greeks and Romans. They imagined that the Souls purſued, in their ſeparate ſtate, the employments and pleaſures of their former life.

† *Lano* was a lake of *Scandinavia*, remarkable, in the days of OSSIAN, for emitting a peſtilential vapour in Autumn.

‡ By "the honour of the ſpear" is meant the Tournament practiſed among the ancient Northern Nations.

'Lovely he ſhone like roſeate Morning's light;
'And few could meet him, furious in the fight:
'My Heroes yielded to CORMALO's name;
'My beauteous Daughter lov'd the graceful Son of Fame.

XIV.

'From the chace my Sons return'd;
'With pride their angry boſoms burn'd;
'They ſaw the valiant Tribe, with grief,
'Conquer'd by a ſtranger Chief.
'With great CORMALO, three ſucceſſive days,
'The Feaſt of Shells, with jocund ſongs, they raiſe;
'The fourth, my ARGON fought, and won
'The fame acquir'd by *Lano*'s Son;
'But he, with ſwelling pride, in ſilence, ſwore,
'To ſee my Sons in death—their laſt ſad triumph o'er.

XV.

'To *Runa*'s hills their courſe they ſteer,
'There to chaſe the nimble deer;

'There

'There the ſecret arrows flew,
'There my Sons CORMALO flew:
'Love his treachery repaid;
'He bore away my dark-hair'd Maid:
'With haſty ſteps they o'er the deſert go,
'While aged ANNIR here remain'd alone in woe.

XVI.

'Silent night came on in ſorrow;
'ARGON, nor RURO's, voice was heard;
'Sad and gloomy was the morrow,
'When their much-lov'd dog appear'd:
'*Runar* howl'd within the hall,
'His grief declar'd my Children's fall;
'He led us to this ſilent glade,
'And mould'ring here the Youths are laid.
'When the Chace of Hinds is o'er,
'Here my frequent grief I pour;
'Here, like an aged oak, forlorn, I bend,
'Indulge the bitter pang—the pang that cannot end.

O RONNAN!

XVII.

'O RONNAN! regal OGAR! OSCAR cry'd,
'Call *Morven*'s Sons, my Heroes, to my ſide:
'E'en now to *Lano*'s ſick'ning Lake we go,
'Where clouds of death in putrid vapours flow;
'Nor ſhall the ſtern CORMALO long rejoice;
'Death points our ſword, and animates our voice.'

XVIII.

O'er the deſert's dreary way,
Like the gloomy clouds they came,
Crimſon'd round with angry flame:
When the groves the ſtorm foreſee,
OSCAR's Horn of Battle bray'd,
And *Lano* ſhook, amidſt its waves diſmay'd;
The Children of the Lake conven'd around,
When ſtern CORMALO's ſhield they heard in fury ſound.

XIX.

OSCAR's conqu'ring ſword prevails
O'er CORMALO's ſurly pride;
The Sons of *Lano*'s fetid ſide
In ſorrow ſeek their ſecret vales:

Back he reſtor'd the blooming Maid,
Inis-thona's lovely treaſure;
His friendly toil was well repaid,
When aged ANNIR's breaſt he ſaw beat high with pleaſure.

XX.

Great was OSSIAN's riſing joy,
When he view'd the ſail afar,
From *Inis-thona*'s glorious war,
Bringing back his valiant Boy;
Like a cloud of light appearing,
Fleecy o'er the Eaſtern ſphere,
And the lonely Trav'ler chearing,
All unknown, a prey to fear,
'Mid diſmal night, and ſhrieks, and ſights of woe,
While Ghoſts their fleeting forms in bitter anguiſh ſhow.

XXI.

The Youth we brought, with ſongs, to *Selma*'s hall,
To ſhare the feaſt prepar'd by great FINGAL:
A thouſand Bards exalt his name around,
And ſtreamy *Morven* anſwer'd to the ſound:

TOSCAR's

Toscar's Daughter, heav'nly Fair,
With her melting voice, was there;
Like the ſoft harp's, the diſtant meaſures ſail,
That ſwell the ev'ning breeze low-whiſpering through the vale.

XXII.

Lay me, ye that ſee the light,
Near ſome rocky mountain's height;
Let thick hazles grow around,
There the ruſtling oak be found:
On the green turf as I lie,
Hear the torrent diſtant die.
Take the harp, Malvina, raiſe
Selma's wild mellifluous lays.
Gentle Sleep, my ſenſe decoy,
Seize my Soul amidſt her joy,
That the dreams of youth may riſe,
Fingal's days may bleſs my eyes.
Selma's ancient tow'rs I ſee,
I view the ſhade of many a tree;
Morven's Heroes ſtalk along,
Now I hear the choral ſong;
See Cormalo's ſword of fire,
Thouſand Youths its ſtuds admire;

Gaze

Gaze with wonder on my Son,
Think on what his valour won:
Now they ſee the tranſport riſe
In his Father's joyful eyes;
Now they feel the valiant flame,
Emulate an equal fame.

XXIII.

Yes, like him, renown'd in ſtory,
Morven's Sons ſhall have their glory;
Oft the ſongs my boſom chear,
My youthful Friends remember'd dear.
Gentle ſleep my ſenſe decoys
With the harp's deſcending joys:
Dreams of pleaſure now ariſe,
Former days enchant my eyes.
Sons of the Chace, oh! come not near,
Reclin'd while OSSIAN ſlumbers here;
For the Bard delights to hold
Converſe with the Chiefs of old:
Sons of the jocund Chace, oh! come not near,
Nor break his happy dreams while OSSIAN ſlumbers here.

THE END.